

*Mormor & Mamma /
Mariana & Maria &*

by Mirjam Frosth

After Arne passed, Mariana pulled up
on the anchors and set drift.

It's all scattered, her. I don't know how.

She bought spatulas and sugar every day.

July split through the windows,
and she'd sit and say the snow is piling,
she'd say Arne will shovel it soon.

After that I only remember her keening
in my brother's bed in the worst smallest hours.

Mom sat at the foot with buttered bread,
begging her to eat, then all blank.

I dreamt last night about a dark city street
and my mom and her mom walking.

They lit each apartment's window lamp
with candles on long poles.

I woke up with all the lights on.

I've never been able to remember on purpose.